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THE LOST MIDSHIPMAN.

A Story OF MADRAS.

Harry Broughton was one of the noblest and most generous of his sex. I well recollect the first day I saw him. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on the cruise from which Harry never returned, when the Captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper came a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, dressed in the uniform at that time worn by the midshipmen of our navy. The poor little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father since his bankruptcy could not educate his son at home as became his former station. He stood- uncertain for a while on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, abashed, until the Captain suddenly recollecting himself turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by committing Henry Broughton to my oversight as the eldest midshipman on board. We were soon on intimate terms, if I may call that intimacy which subsists between a youth of nineteen and one like him. But Broughton had a mind above his years, he was besides so frank, so gentle, so winning in his manners that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the bold and generous little fellow. He soon became a favorite with all on board. Even the rugged old tars would do anything to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when little Harry Broughton, as we all called him, had offended against

some paltry rule of discipline. Always the first to turn out in a gale; never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters, from his watch,—but at all times ready and eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he had gradually wound himself into the heart of everyone on board, from the land lubbers in the waist to the Captain in his after cabin. If we went on shore, Harry Broughton was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his beauty and youth, that we were always better welcomed if he was along. Besides he was so generally beloved, and was such a merry little companion that few were willing to forego his company. He was sick once for a few days, and there was as much anxiety in the ship while he was dangerous, as if the Captain himself had been laying at the point of death. "Poor little boy," said the kind-hearted doctor to me, as his patient lay tossing in the delirium of a fever, murmuring every now and then his mother's or his sister's name, "he may never live to see the ones he loves so well again"—and he never did live to see them, though his death did not happen as the tender-hearted surgeon supposed.

We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home,—and glad were we all to hear the news, which was to restore us to a sight of the dead faces we had left behind. We stretched across the Pacific under a favorable wind that seemed to partake of our eagerness. Everything on board was joy. The long, beautiful moonlight nights came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the rude sound of their violin. I remember one of those evenings in particular. We were bowling along under an easy sail through the beautiful waters of the Pacific, gliding by little fairy islands that seemed to start like green Edens from the water, and stealing amid the reefs of coral rock that rose around us in every direction. It had been a sultry day, but now the night had come, and the cool breeze deliciously fanned our cheeks, while the moon floated in liquid beauty above, flooding the heavens in a sea of light, and silvering the crests of the long waves as they rolled lazily up from the darkness below. Far away the horizon seemed gradually to become less boldly defined, rising and sinking

in thin tissue-like clouds, and then softly melting away into the- heavens above. No sound came over the solitary seas, and only the faint ripple of the waves was heard as they dashed against our sides. The men were forward dancing, and amidst the shuffle of feet and the rough but merry laughter, came up the lively notes -of the violin. I was standing near the side talking with young Harry Broughton, and insensibly our thoughts reverted to the happy homes we had left behind us in America. Poor little fellow, how eagerly he longed to see that sweet mother and lovely sister of his once more. He could, for nearly an hour talk of nothing else, and . as he dwelt upon them his young heart became more agitated with thronging recollections, until at last I saw in the moonlight the hot tears running, one by one, down his young cheeks. He saw I observed him, and looking up said,

" Indeed, Mr. Scyton, you mustn't think wrong of me for this, I can't always stand thinking of mother and Fanny, when I recollect how many thousand miles arc between us, and that perhaps I will never live to see them again. Indeed, Sir," and he wiped away the tears hastily, " one cannot always command his feelings."

" Harry," said I, " you need not fear anyone would think less of you for loving your mother and sister. God knows I would be too glad to shed tears if I only had a mother to shed them for!"

" Oh! Sir, I'm sure you would, I never knew how I cared for her till I left her, and now I often think of all she used to say and do, and wish I had loved her more when I was at home."

" Ah! you are right, Harry. I once had a mother, but I've lost her now, and I would have given worlds when she lay dead in the room, if I could have called her back only to tell her how I loved her, and to ask her forgiveness for all the anguish I had caused her in my reckless youth."

" How glad I feel," said the little fellow after a pause, " that every day brings

us nearer to home. I could almost worship this breeze, Sir, if it would only blow all the way. Oh! it will be so sweet when we reach Norfolk once more. I wonder if father and mother and Fanny will be there to meet me, I should think they would—don't you, Sir?" and thus he continued, dwelling in his own boyish way, upon the happiness which was now only a few months distant, until the night had waned far into its middle hour, and the deserted decks warned us it was time to go below. Poor boy, the bright visions that smiled on his cheek that night, were soon to give place to a sad reality. He never lived to see them fulfilled. But I anticipate.

We reached the Phillipine islands, passed the straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were all heartily tired of a close confinement on ship-board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations of the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras rising above the distant ocean like a narrow streak of silver, as the sun-light fell full upon its white walls and minarets, while the waves now hid it from our sight, and now again discovered it flashing brightly in the distance. As we stood on with the wind nearly on our quarter, the snowy city rose rapidly before us, until we could plainly discern the long, low beach of white sand, crowned with the walls of the fort above and the tremendous surf, rolling and thundering in ahead. It was a beautiful sight. The sky was clear and cloudless, the horizon had not a mist upon it, a golden light flooded everything around, while the snowy walls of the eastern city rising beautifully into the blue heavens, and glittering with the beams that danced upon their pure white surface, reminded us of the temples of Athens, the sunny skies of Greece, and the old classic fanes that flashed in their whiteness on every song-crowned hill. The whole crew leant over the side or filled the rigging, gazing on the splendid spectacle, and as we lay off and on, keeping away from the fearful surf that makes the city almost unapproachable from sea, you could hear nothing but expressions of delight from all on board. Every heart beat high with pleasure—and it was no difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of the officers, among whom were Broughton and myself, resolved on making an excursion into the

town.

" Give way, my lads, with a will boys—pull," said the lieutenant of our boat, as we dashed over the long, dark green waves, and leaving a whirl of waters behind us rapidly neared the land, " we 'll soon be up with the surf —give way."

I should have mentioned that there is no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's Fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return we had but little time for our adventure.

We had intended, when we started, leaving the boats outside the surf, and landing in the flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf, and can, with great difficulty, be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that none of these native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers and called a council to determine what to do.

" What say you, Sevton, to making a dash and passing it at once, it will be something to talk of, eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead, broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivered wave foamed and boiled in the wild vortex below.

" Give way, my Sea-dogs, away!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style, " shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

" It looks like a venture where one cast is death and the other a ducking—but what say you, Broughton?"

" Oh, Sir," said the little fellow, his eye kindling as he spoke, " they say that an English man-of-war's boat passed it a few years ago,—and I'm sure we can do it too. Besides, Sir, we can try it with one boat first— why it isn't such a high surf after all, and look there, Sir, they're watching us from the fort," and true enough the officers of the garrison were quizzing us already with their glasses.

I still, however, objected. I felt a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf, and I dwelt earnestly upon the possible danger and real folly of such a course. A half an hour at most would bring out the flat bottomed boats of the natives, and meanwhile we could ride in safety on the edge of the boiling whirlpool. But it was in vain. The national pride of our men had been touched, and the lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, but shouting the order to give way,—our crew broke forth into a cheer, and then rapidly dashed up to the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surf as we approached it was really terrible. The enormous billows rolled in one after another, rising up like monsters to the sky, pausing, a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurling their mass of waters down into the abyss below, with the noise as of some mighty cataract. The very earth seemed to tremble beneath the shock. Far along the coast the waves were running in, curling, breaking and foaming into the gulf beneath, and tossing their snowy spray wildly up from the vortex, while the ceaseless thunder of this eternal worship rose up continually to its great author on high.

"Keep her away—that's it—run her along here till we pick out a better place/" said Tiller.

"Isn't that a good opening, Mr. Tiller?" said little Harry, pointing ahead.

" You 've a sharp eye, Harry, it's the very thing—pull away there, my lads,"

and we shot into the surf.

Hitherto all had been careless on board, and jests had been flying plentifully about, but as we dashed into the troubled vortex every man in the boat felt that a crisis was at hand, which, though voluntarily met, was not the less dangerous, and accordingly the deepest silence pervaded all, broken only by the noise of the oars and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Larboard," shouted Tiller as he stood up waving his hand, "larboard a little more," and riding on an enormous wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us broached us almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. The other one was scarce a fathom off, we were losing all command of the boat, and could see with horror-struck countenances the wild gulf below, when a voice came from our colleague outside the surf,

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter," and at the same instant Tiller, perceiving the imminence of our danger, thundered,

"Larboard, hard—ease off there,—larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost, for a moment, all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, the other wave had struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the tumultuous surf.

When I rose to the surface I struck boldly out, but the sight that met my eyes I shall never, never forget. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing wildly about, while her venturous crew were struggling

here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me buffeting the current which was setting strongly out, and gazing with agonising looks on a huge shark that lay eyeing him basilisk-like, just without the surf. The horror-struck man looked at the distant shore, then at his foe, then struck his arms wildly out, and as he felt the current gradually sweeping him, despite his fearful struggles, nearer to his terrible enemy, he screamed aloud for succor. But it was in vain. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to have come closer. They called to him to strike aside and get more out of the current, but by this time the poor wretch was so alarmed that he scarcely knew what he did; and after a few desperate efforts, he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms wildly on high, and disappeared suddenly under the water. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the horrid cause. All this had not occupied an instant, and it was with a quaking heart that I turned aside and struck away desperately for the shore. I felt that there was little hope of escape, but I was a good swimmer, and as long as I could command my faculties I knew I had at least some chance of reaching land. To do this I hastily scanned the prospect around me in order to escape the current, and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully. Here and there I saw a companion buffeting the wild tumult of waters, and out to sea several were being picked up by the other boat. But the horrid sight I had just witnessed forbade all further escape from that quarter, and I was just turning to plunge headlong through the surf when I heard a faint cry beside me, and saw poor little Harry struggling not two fathoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and unable to make any headway against the set of the current, appeared striving only to keep his head above the water.

"For the love of Heaven," he cried, "Mr. Seyton, here!" but as I dashed toward him the noble boy suddenly cried, "save yourself—I'm getting weak—tell mother and Fanny I died thinking of them."

"Courage, courage," I cried, "I'll be there in a minute, my brave lad," and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it

baffled for a while by most desperate efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and now dash us almost together. I saw with joy, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little boy. The boat outside meanwhile perceived our situation, and her crew fired with enthusiasm, cheered as they bent to their oars determined at all risk to succor us.

"Seyton,—hillo," shouted the lieutenant, losing sight of us for a minute, "come outside, quick—for your life!"

I was now almost up to little Harry, who still continued supporting himself in the water with weary strokes and rapidly failing strength, when suddenly our companions in the boat shouted,

"The shark! the shark!" and the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope the boat. I had not before noticed that in my efforts to reach Broughton, the current had been sweeping us more to sea, and I now saw with horror as I made two or three desperate strokes, that I had got into the same tide which had proved too powerful for the poor wretch a few minutes before. My brain reeled as I looked. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come to where we were, and between us the frightful monster venturing as close in as he dare, was sailing to and fro waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going, Seyton, I cannot stand it any longer— Oh! my poor mother and sister—God forgive me my sins," faintly said little Harry.

"Hold on a minute for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was already within a yard or two of the sinking boy.

"Hold on," thundered the lieutenant from the boat, "we'll be there if we die for it—give way lads, for a life, hurrah!"

But the poor little fellow had held on till nature was completely worn out,

and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, " day mother, sister—oh, my God!" and then with a convulsive jerk of his arms sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

" Give way, give way, give way," roared the lieutenant wildly as he waved on his men.

" Come on, for God's sake, come on," I shouted as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface, I Was far away from the spot where Broughton had disappeared, and nearing with frightful rapidity the monster on the edge of the surf, who was already poisoning his huge body to turn upon his prey. The boat was struggling in the surf a few fathoms off, but it was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I looked hurriedly and with agony around, but no other help was nigh. Never shall I forget the emotions of that instant. A cold, dead, sickening sensation came across my heart, my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty, as I felt that the most gigantic exertions did not increase the rapidly lessening space between me and the ferocious monster. I could see his vast fins appearing and disappearing just ahead of me, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat impatiently against the waters. He was now nearly at my side. I made one last, desperate, but vain effort to buffet the current, and giving up my hopes of this world and all I loved, I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God, and shut my eyes upon the terrible enemy before me. A moment that seemed years ensued,—a moment of torture more horrid than I ever had conceived, when a loud, sharp cry rung out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English,

" Hold on!" and clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn rapidly in among the breakers, while the enormous monster perceiving he was about to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning over me.

" In with him, hand over hand," shouted a voice in the boat which had so opportunely arrived, and whirled along with inconceivable rapidity, I felt myself jerked into one of the flat-bottomed boats common on the coast almost as soon as I had grasped the rope. At the same instant a thundering cheer rung from the crew outside the surf—but forgetful of every thing but my wonderful preservation, I fell down on my knees and thanked God that I was alive. When again I looked around, I saw we were riding in upon the surf, and, that the huge monster disappointed of his prey, had suddenly sheered out to sea as we entered the foam of the breakers. We were soon landed safe upon the coast, and I had then time to learn the manner of my deliverance. We had happily been seen, and a boat had put off to rescue us, which had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current, and had come at once to my aid, and had I not been so much engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, only four of our crew were lost Poor Harry, thank God! was washed on shore that same afternoon, and there was not a dry eye in the ship when they heard of his untimely end. Few of us that would not, at that moment, have died to bring him back to life. Even the old quarter-master wept over his little grave; and the good chaplain, as he read the service with a faltering voice, watered the grave with his tears. Poor little fellow, they laid him there in his narrow home, far from his land and those he loved, and he too so young that he was fitter to be by his mother's side than buffeting the fearful surf.

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LOUISA SANFORD;

on, THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

" Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."

There is a deep, unpleasing melancholy in the toll of a bell! how it harrows up our feelings, and makes our hearts ache! That doleful sound is the messenger of the departure of some spirit to " that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," telling that some form once filled with life and vigor, and blooming with health and beauty, is about to be consigned to the cold and silent tomb. How many eyes are streaming with tears! how many hearts are left desolate! What a sound for reflection! perhaps, ere long it may sound our funeral knell!

" There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.

Some chord in unison with what we hear Is touched within us, and the heart replies—

With easy force it opens to the cells Where Memory slept."

How fraught with misery is that mournful sound falling upon my ears, spreading far over hill and dale, telling that some friend is gone, and associating in my thoughts the recollection of a sad event with which that sound is connected, wafting me back to a far-distant period, and arousing in my heart sensations which have long lain dormant I have often heard the toll of the church-bell, yet it has ever produced a feeling of awe in me, since being connected with an event which I shall here narrate.

Louisa Sanford was the only child of Colonel William Sanford, one of the wealthiest and most respectable planters in the South. He had devoted the earlier portion of his manhood to the practice of law in the city of Augusta, and possessing a superior intellect, and considerable talents, both legal and literary, he soon became eminent in his profession. Having a handsome appearance, and above all an unblemished moral reputation, he had little difficulty in engaging the affections, and obtaining the hand of Louisa Styles,

one of the most beautiful, wealthy and accomplished young ladies in the city; a circumstance which placed him far above the world; and being regardless of fame, he, shortly after his marriage, abandoned his profession, purchased a plantation a short distance, from town, and removed to the country to obtain that repose and retirement his nature loved. Mrs. Sanford, being an orphan, had no fashionable mama to urge her stay in the city; and having an affectionate and conciliating disposition, it was with pleasure she renounced all the gaieties of town for a life in the country. They had been married but a few years before Mrs. Sanford fell a victim to consumption, leaving an inconsolable husband and Louisa, the subject of this narrative, an infant about one year old. Colonel Sanford was, for several years, a prey to the deepest melancholy, and frequently subject to alienation of intellect; but time, the assuager of all griefs, gradually restored him in a degree, though he never entirely recovered his former gaiety of spirits.

Louisa was now the only being on whom he could bestow his affection and care; and as each succeeding year made her more interesting, how plainly could her father see all the beauty and loveliness of his dear lost wife concentrated in his child. How kind and devoted a father was he; not even neglectful of those delicate attentions which mother's bestow on their children. Having nothing to occupy his time but the improvement of his beautiful residence, he superintended the education of his daughter. Possessing a mind of the first order, and having omitted no opportunity of improving it, he was well calculated to impart to Louisa that instruction so necessary to the adornment of a young lady; not neglecting to have her taught all the minor accomplishments. Louisa possessed a sprightly intellect, and having so competent an instructor as her father, she had acquired more useful knowledge at the age of fifteen than young ladies, who are sent to boarding-schools, usually do at twenty. When Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, her father concluded it was time for her to see a little more of the world, and forthwith made arrangements for making a tour through the Northern States.

It was in the pleasant month of April, 18—, that Colonel Sanford and his daughter set out on their journey, in their own private coach, so as to jaunt leisurely through the States they intended visiting, make observations on the country, and if they took a fancy to any particular spot, to sojourn there so long as suited their inclination; a mode decidedly preferable (to one who travels for pleasure and information) to being whirled along on a railroad at such a rapid rate that you have no time to view scenery, for every thing seems blended into one; or travelling on a steamboat with the constant dread of striking a snag, and sinking, or getting blown up. Colonel Sanford travelled as far north as New Haven, and he was so charmed with that beautiful town, that he concluded to remain there some length of time. A few weeks after his arrival, he visited various female schools, and finding one, the discipline of which pleased him so well, that he entered Louisa, resolving if she would consent to a separation from him, he would leave her and visit England. There was an attraction and a charm in the society of Colonel Sanford, which, notwithstanding his habitual reserve and melancholy, won the hearts of all those with whom he became acquainted; so that it was not long before he had a circle of admiring friends. Intelligent, and well-bred, and having almost constantly by his side his beautiful

and charming daughter, and his reputed wealth, (for it will have its attractions) it is but natural that he should be burthened with attentions. Louisa soon obtained the name of " Lily of the South." There were several young men from the South, then students at Yale, and among them was George Leonard, the handsomest and most talented young man in College. Louisa had not seen him since he was a mere stripling, and scarcely had she renewed her acquaintance with him, ere he won her admiration. George was an uncommonly interesting young man, he was handsome, polite, and genteel in his manners, and highly gifted with that talent of displaying to advantage in conversation, all the knowledge he had acquired.

Oh," thought Louisa, when he would depart from her presence, " what a melodious voice, what a handsome face! surely George has produced a

sensation in me I have never before felt; how interesting and intelligent he is—I think father had best leave me at school while he visits England."

The commencement was soon to take place, and Colonel Sanford remained to witness the examination of the students. George Leonard had always stood first in his class, and how Louisa's heart exulted, how her bright eyes sparkled with joy, when she learned that the first honors of the institution were awarded to him. Her father now began to observe that she took an unusual degree of interest in young Leonard, and would often warn her not to lose her heart before she became better acquainted with his general character and disposition. But it was too late to warn her, for George had already disclosed his passion to her, and though she had not told him in words, but in those looks that tell more loud than words," had betrayed her, and he felt assured that his feeling was reciprocated.

Colonel Sanford, having arranged matters for his departure, with an aching heart took an affectionate leave of his daughter, with much weeping from her, and a secret regret that she had consented to a separation from her beloved parent. When George Leonard left home it was the intention of his parents for him to remain at New Haven until he completed the study of law; but a few weeks after the departure of Colonel Sanford he received a letter from his father, then a merchant in Augusta, informing him that his house had failed, and his pecuniary circumstances would not admit of his keeping his son from home, and also advising him to return and pursue his studies, as it would be less expensive to him. George returned, but not without obtaining the consent of Louisa to their union, when she completed her education, provided her father acquiesced. Louisa felt assured that her father would not oppose her wish, as he was always eager to gratify her in everything.

"How can he," thought she, "oppose my union to a man of George's acknowledged talents, I doubt not before the lapse of many years, his name will be upon the tongues of millions, halls will resound with his eloquence,

and many will feel honored to look upon his handsome face." With how much pride was her love mingled; how her heart swelled with exultation at the thought of becoming the wife of such a man, as she imagined George Leonard was destined to become.

Shortly after George's arrival at his native town, his father removed to a small town in the newly settled part of the State, and commenced business on a smaller scale. George was spoiled by the flattery of his friends, and like many young men who have honors conferred on them, he concluded that he had arrived at the acme of perfection, and being, too, elated at the prospect of marrying the daughter of a man so opulent as Colonel Sanford, he entirely abandoned the idea of learning a profession. Having no honorable employment, and as it is natural for us to be engaged- in some way, he was gradually becoming familiar with all the vices of the day; and before the expiration of one year he had become an adept in gambling, and its accompaniment, drunkenness, and had actually grown old in vice. His father being now in reduced circumstances, was unable to furnish him with the money requisite for his course of life; and that young man, but a short time since, the pride and hope of his family and friends, had become so debased, so destitute of all honor, as to draw large sums from various houses in the city, alleging that he would refund them after the consummation of his marriage. He did not neglect, in the mean time, to write often to Louisa, pretending he was making rapid strides in his studies. I might here pause and descant on the beauties of virtue and the deformity of vice, but my object is "to point a moral," not "to adorn a tale," and I will leave that for the reader. Time rolled on with Louisa without any occurrence worthy of notice. The ensuing autumn her father returned, and took her home; she, of course, during their journey, acquainted him with all that had transpired between herself and George Leonard. Where they reached Augusta, George was the first on the wharf to welcome their arrival, and accompany them to their residence, which was only a few miles from the city.

He soon unbosomed himself, begging his consent to their union. ^Colonel

Sanford was a man of calmness and reflection, and withheld a final answer until he visited town, and learned something of George's private character. Of this, he did not receive correct information, it being generally known to George's acquaintance that he was betrothed to Louisa Sanford, they of course concealed from her father all his irregularities, and gave to him a character he did not deserve. Many who felt attached to him for his social qualities, secretly wished that marriage would produce a reformation in him. Colonel Sanford would not consent to their marriage until George had agreed to live with him.

"How can you," said he to Louisa, "leave your father's hearth so dreary and desolate as it will be when you go from me? "

Louisa assured him that she had no wish to quit her dear home, and she knew George would not be so cruel as to take her from him. A few months after their arrival, Louisa and George were united, and their nuptials were celebrated in the most splendid manner. Never before had those halls so resounded with joy and merriment, and none amid that glittering throng was so joyous and happy as Louisa. Methinks I now see her sylph-like form, gliding with grace and elegance through the mazy dance. Happy, light-hearted girl! little did she imagine that she was wedded to a man destitute of all moral character! little did she dream of the misery her young heart would soon have to suffer! What a wise order of Providence, that we are not permitted to look into futurity! Our most happy moments would be constantly embittered by some reflection of a disagreeable nature.

George and Louisa had not been married a year, before he became heartily tired of a country life; it was not in accordance with the habits he had formed previous to his marriage. He began to take rides in the city, every day prolonging his stay more and more; frequently returning after dark, and to the great surprise and deep mortification of his wife, often highly intoxicated. At last he made known his intention of removing to town, and urged as a reason, that it best suited his business; and Louisa could hear

from, and see her father almost every day. But it was more with a view of concealing his irregular conduct, and freeing himself from the immediate observance of his father-in-law.

Colonel Sanford had by this time discovered, to his great horror, the habits of his son-in-law, and warmly opposed his leaving his house, thinking that keeping him in the country, with Louisa's affection and devotedness to him, would yet turn him from the errors of his ways; but all his remonstrance was unavailing, for George persisted in his determination to go. Colonel Sanford purchased them a house, and furnished it in a beautiful and elegant style. It was with a heavy heart that Louisa quitted her dear paternal home. Poor girl! she had even now shed many bitter tears of grief, and felt that keen sorrow which none but a confiding and affectionate wife can feel, when she sees her husband, the idol of her heart, him to whom she has plighted vows of eternal love, reeling with intoxication, and growing cold and indifferent to her. Her father saw it all; her pallid cheek and tearful eyes had not been unobserved; and how keenly did he feel for his dear child.

Leonard, after removing to town, began to devise plans to get a larger portion of the property in his possession, and he induced his father-in-law to establish him in the mercantile business. Colonel Sanford fondly hoping that he would have a fondness for business of that nature, and become himself again, readily invested a portion of his property in that way; but it was not long before it was all squandered. The sums which he had borrowed before his marriage had to be repaid, debts beset him at almost every corner of the streets, and he drank more and more, to the entire neglect of his business. Night after night, he left his devoted wife with no one but the servants. How heart-rending it was, to one of her sensibility, to see her husband sinking every day deeper in vice, and becoming callous to her entreaties. She used every means in her power to induce him to remain at home, but he was deaf to her. The wine cup had more charms for him than his beautiful and affectionate wife. How many a heart has been made desolate and wretched, how much domestic peace and happiness have been forever destroyed by

that "demon wine" Leonard had drunk of this poison until it had eradicated every feeling of refinement and sensibility in his nature. It is an old adage "that when things get to their worst they must mend." Louisa thought her husband could not get any worse, and closely did she hug to her bosom the hope that he would yet reform; but vain was that hope. Her father was in the fall of 18— elected senator from the county of Richmond, and had now to leave for the seat of government. He visited his daughter, the day previous to his departure, and urged her to accompany him, as he could not bear the thought of leaving her in her present distracted state of mind, and be so long absent from her; but she would not consent to leave her husband.

Leonard was constantly in the habit of staying out all night, but he was absent from his house several days, and his wife knew not where he was, and she dared not send a servant to his various haunts to inquire for him, for it had more than once subjected her to his abuse. Oh! the agony, the anxiety she felt during these days, imagining every thing horrible to have befallen her husband; with no one to unbosom her feelings to, for she was too proud and high-minded to tell her sorrows to a mere acquaintance. She had few visitors to relieve the monotony of her dreary life, for as it is the destiny of woman (no matter what her merits or demerits may be) to sink or rise with her husband, her friends were gradually falling off. At length he came home at a late hour of the night, and called to his servant for a light. Louisa heard his footsteps in the hall, that sound that had so often made her heart bound with joy; she listened, but he approached not her chamber; he had ascended the stairs, she called to him, but he made no reply; she followed him, and looking into the room he had entered,

discovered him sitting by a table, with his head leaning on his hand. She approached him, and putting her arms affectionately around him, inquired if any thing unusual had occurred, and why he had remained so long from her; but he made no reply.

" George, dearest George, have I ever done aught to displease you?- Come to our chamber, for it is very lonely without you—will you not notice your wife who loves you so dearly?" He sarcastically reiterated " loves. " Yes," she continued, "though you are deaf to my entreaties, and leave me night after night alone and wretched, though you have lost all respect for yourself and love for me, still I love you with that same deep and fervent love as when I first called you husband. Dearest husband leave off these dreadful habits, for I feel there is yet much happiness in store for us."

Leonard, like all drunken husbands, construed all his wife said into a reproach on his evil ways; he was highly excited, and in his violent fits of drunkenness often spoke to her in the most harsh manner; he arose from his seat, and commanded her abruptly to leave his presence. Poor Louisa, almost heart-broken, slowly retraced her steps to her solitary chamber, not to sleep, but to give vent to her feelings. Next morning, at the dawn of day, she heard him call his servant, and order him to pack his trunk. She immediately entered the room, and inquired if he were going to leave home; he replied, "yes!"

" Will you not let me go with you, dear husband?"

He told her she could not go with him, that he was going to Savannah. He ordered his servant to take his baggage to the boat, and arose to leave the house. His wife clung to him and wept, imploring him to tell her what had occurred, for she saw something unusual in his looks.

" Dearest George," she cried, " will you not give me a parting kiss 1" But in sullen silence he pushed her from him, and hastened from the house. Louisa paced the room in the greatest agitation, conjecturing what could take him from home, and why he left her so abruptly. Her faithful waiting-maid entered the room, and tried in all the simplicity of her soul, to console her mistress; she told Louisa that her master had left a letter on the table. Louisa ran to the table, on which were placed writing materials, and found a sealed

letter; it was not for her, but was directed to one of his most intimate friends. Hoping to find something in it connected with the strange conduct of her husband, she opened and read it; the whole mystery was revealed to her. He disclosed the whole course of his life, from the time he left College, reproached himself for neglecting his amiable and excellent wife—he had been faithless to her—he was wholly unworthy of her—he was going he neither knew, nor cared, whither—he would rather die than that Colonel Sanford should look upon him again—he had sunk so deep in infamy it was impossible for him to reform, and he hoped his wife would return to her father, and forget a creature so worthless as himself. There were many things in it which I forbear to relate. Accompanying this letter was a sheet, on which was written a transfer of his house and all his servants to a banker, from whom he had borrowed large sums of money. Louisa could bear no more, she wrung her hands in despair.

" Oh! am I never more to see his face, am I thus cast off by him I love so devotedly? Though he has abandoned himself to every vice, still, still my heart clings to him! Oh, George, my dear husband, come back to me, and I will forgive you for all you have done, and forget that you have been what you are. I cannot endure this miserable life! Back, back thou rising thought!—Spirit of my sainted mother look down in compassion on your miserable child! Oh, my father, would to God you were with me!" Louisa ceased her raving, dried her tears, and seizing a pen, she hastily wrote a few lines, and giving them to her faithful maid, ordered her to send a servant to deliver it to his master if he could find him in town. Scarcely had she left the room to attend to her mistress's commands, before she heard the report of a pistol and a scream; she hastily returned and found Louisa on the floor, with a pistol clenched in her hand. The servants soon alarmed the neighbors with their cries; and living next door to Mrs. Leonard, and being much attached to her, for her many amiable qualities, I hastened to the house; and there, oh, horrid sight! lay Louisa, the once beautiful, light-hearted and happy girl, all pale and bleeding. I put my hand to her heart—it had ceased to beat—I gazed upon her beautiful face—but that told

" The change whose pulseless hues reveal

The place where death had set its seal."

The ball had entered her temple, and killed her as quick as thought And thus ended the lovely, and the beautiful, the pride, the idol of her fond parent, and the admiration of all who knew her; and three years had produced this mighty change! Her father was sent for immediately, and reached the house of his dear, unfortunate daughter just as the church-hell was tolling for her funeral. Poor man, words are inadequate to describe his feelings; he sank under the blow, and soon followed his daughter to the tomb. Leonard, the miserable husband and bloated drunkard, was in town, and received his wife's letter, and intelligence of her horrid end at the same time; it produced but little effect on him at the time, for he had drunk until he was almost callous to every thing. Such, reader, are some of the dreadful effects of drinking. If man would be beloved and respected, and do his duty toward his fellow creatures, let him spurn the poisonous cup; no one can tell the good it does, but the evils would fill volumes. How many young men of the highest order of talents and intellect, who might be an honor to themselves and an ornament to their country, have had their prospects and the bright anticipations of their fronds forever blasted; and finally sank to an untimely and dishonored grave by indulging in this poisonous liquid. Like the Upas tree, it destroys all that comes within its influence; it scorches and withers up all the fountains of affection and sociability, and makes man rather a beast than a rational creature. Leonard lived a few years after this awful occurrence, and finally died the death of a Drunkard in one of the Western States.

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THE LONG COURTSHIP.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

" They have been engaged these six years."

Such was the reply which Charles Irvine made to his friend Mrs. Alton, as the latter pointed out to him a couple on the other side of the way, and asked him if he knew them.

" Yes!" said he, "and I thought every body knew Horace Duval and Esther Marlowe—they have been engaged these six years."

"What is the reason they do not get married? enquired Mrs. Alton.

" Oh! it is the old story—the gentleman is poor and the lady is faithful. They met when both were very young, and fell in love. The gentleman was only a student, it is true, but his heart was young and full of hope, and he looked forward to a speedy realization of his dreams of wealth. He pleaded his case so eloquently that Miss Marlowe pledged herself to become his bride when she was only seventeen, and he had just entered his twenty-first year. Six years have since passed and they are yet unmarried; for Duval is a physician, and you know how difficult it is for a young practitioner in medicine to obtain a livelihood. I hear that he has at length given up all hope of being able to establish himself in this crowded city, and has determined to try his fortune in some place where there is less competition. He talks of going to the west."

" I hope not."

"Why?"

" Because I fear for the fidelity of the gentleman. Unless Dr. Duval is different

from most of his sex, his feelings will, nay, must suffer a partial, if not total estrangement from Miss Marlowe, should his absence be protracted for any great length of time."

" Fie, fie, my dear aunt, you slander our sex. You would question the truth of all men."

" Understand me before you blame me. I do not condemn all of your sex, nor do I say that a protracted separation in the present case will certainly produce a disruption of the engagement. I only mean to say that the probabilities are in favor of so unhappy a termination to this long courtship; and in saying this I base my conclusion altogether on the character and situation of your sex in contradistinction to those of my own."

"Very clearly stated—you could not have done it better had you been Chillingworth, the prince of logicians. But do you mean to say that the fault will be Duval's in case this engagement should be broken off through his absence."

" Certainly—at least if Miss Marlowe instead of Dr. Duval should be the cause of it, this case would be

the exception, and I believe you lawyers say that 4 the exception proves the rule.' "

" Really you do not stint yourself in praising your sex.

"Now don't lx unfair. Hear me out before you condemn me."

"Well."

" I said that a long separation betwixt persons engaged to each other is apt to result in breaking off the match, because the gentleman becomes either

indifferent or unfaithful. I am afraid you have not noticed facts, or you would not condemn my opinion so quickly. I can now look around the circle of my acquaintance and call to mind at least a dozen instances, in which these protracted engagements, combined with a long separation betwixt the parties, have ended unfortunately. I see by your looks that you also, although younger than I am, can recollect instances of a like character. I confess I am not surprised at this result, although I deplore it. In the cases to which I have alluded, the parties have usually been engaged while quite young, perhaps before they were capable of that study of each others character which ought always to precede a contract of so high and solemn a character as this. When, therefore, they grow older, and learn to know human nature better, they cannot fail to see faults in those they love to which they were at first blinded. This does not always happen I grant, for often the illusion of passion keeps us ignorant for years of the defects in the character of the beloved object; but the scales often do drop off, especially in the case of the gentleman, or when the parties come to be separated for any length of time. I say in the case of the gentleman, because your sex unite more intellect with your love than our sex does. With us the passion is all heart, with you the head is at least prime minister. You analyze character more, you are apt to become hypercritical. When removed from the immediate influence of her you love, your affection insensibly cools. It does this from the very nature of your characters, and from your habits of life. With a woman fidelity is every thing. Putting aside coquettes—who are not true women—is there not more fickleness naturally in your sex than in our own? But apart from this, our different habits of life make a wide difference in the character of our love. You live in the bustle and excitement of active existence—domestic happiness is the relaxation of your evening hours—the bye-play of your life. But with us our home is every thing, the centre around which all our feelings and thoughts revolve. We have but one engrossing passion—love: you have a dozen which divide with it the empire of the heart. Wealth, pleasure, ambition! these are but a few of the passions that absorb the energies of men; but with us love is every thing. If we surrender our hearts to one of your sex, we have no rival feeling in our bosoms

to disturb our thoughts from the adored object. At morning and at night, through every hour of the day, his image is constantly before us as we sit at our indoor, quiet occupations, until at length to think of him we love grows necessary to our very being. Our love becomes a part of ourselves, its roots striking daily deeper and deeper into our hearts. If we are disappointed in love, our health gives way, because we brood helplessly on our sorrows: and an intimate connexion exists betwixt the mind and the body. The true secret why so many of our sex, and so few of yours die of broken-hearts, is that in our case there is, from the solitude of our daily life, so little to divert our attention from our disappointment, while in your case numerous other passions step in and prevent your thoughts from dwelling on the shipwreck of your hopes. A woman's life is spent in comparative solitude, in holding communion with her own heart. A man soon learns to forget disappointments and griefs of every nature in the exciting contests of business or ambition. To apply these principles to the case of Dr. Duval. He will at first, after his separation from Miss Marlowe, imagine that he loves her dearer than ever, but by-and-bye new occupations will insensibly divert his mind from the contemplation of his betrothed, and then new persons will cross his path, in whom quite as insensibly he will learn to take an interest—and so in the end, he will find himself brought to think so little of Miss Marlowe, that he will gladly surrender her for some newer intimate. And all this will be brought about so insensibly to himself, that he will be totally ignorant of the ten thousand immeasurably fine links in the chain which led to this result.

I have seen this case so often, and it is so natural a consequence of the active life led by your sex, that I fear for the future happiness of Miss Marlowe. But yet—as I said before—Dr. Duval may prove an exception to the general rule."

" And these are the reasons why you always oppose long courtships'!"

" They are. Often a long courtship is a benefit rather than an injury, but I fear in general the reverse is the case."

" Well, I scarcely know what to say. You certainly have argued your opinions in a clear and masterly style. But I'm afraid my vanity in my sex will not sutler me to adopt your conclusions. But here we are at your door, and I find the time has come for me to fulfil an engagement."

" Good bye then; but don't forget, if we live to see the end of this betrothal, to come to me and tell me what you then think of long courtships."

Mrs. Alton was one of the most sensible women in the city. She had a tinge of romance in her disposition, but she never suffered this to interfere with her plain, common sense views of the duties and situations of life.

A keen observer, she had accumulated a large store of facts, from which to deduce her opinions. In no one did her nephew, Charles Irvine, place such reliance, especially on points in which her sex's opinions were generally sought for. He was staggered by her arguments on the present occasion, and as he thought on the subject he inclined more to her opinions. But yet he would not wholly admit the force of the reasoning.

Time passed on. Horace, or rather Doctor Duval, had left the city, according to his determination, and was now settled in a thriving town in one of the Western States. His letters to Esther Marlowe were at first frequent, and filled with hope and glowing pictures of the happiness that was in store for them. His business slowly increased, and he wrote to her that in eighteen months or two years at furthest, he would be able to return to the East, and claim her for his bride. At length his letters became less frequent, and often contained passages which Esther feared were cold, although she tried to persuade herself that they were not. Then came an interval of silence, and then a missive saying that he had been sick, but was now wholly recovered. How the tears fell from Esther's eyes as she read, how she wished that she

had known of his danger, and could have flown to his side. Alas! little was she aware of the change in her lover's affections. He had indeed been sick, and to the kindness of others he had perhaps been indebted for his life. He had learnt to think less of Esther, and more of her who had tended him with such constant care. New scenes, as Mrs. Alton said, had colored his mind—new friendships had struck their roots into his heart, insensibly pushing out the old occupants of the soil. He no longer thought hourly of Esther. He had begun to dream of another face than hers. There was a new voice sweeter to him than that of his affianced bride. Gradually his letters to her became less frequent and more formal. Miss Marlowe at length could shut her eyes no longer to the coldness of his language. Perhaps she noticed it in her reply—perhaps she suffered in silence. We willingly draw a veil over the sad story. It soon came to be known that the long engagement betwixt Doctor Duval and Miss Marlowe was at an end. How the rumor became public no one knew, for the lady herself never alluded to such a thing; but there needed no other confirmation to it beyond the pale, dejected air and hollow cough of the suffering victim.

"Poor Miss Marlowe," said Charles Irvine to his aunt, "she is failing fast Consumption, they say, has fastened his tooth of poison on her vitals, but alas! I fear a broken-heart would be the better name for her disease."

"I fear so too," said Mrs. Alton, "do you recollect our conversation some eighteen months ago on Esther and Doctor Duval?"

"I do," said Irvine, "and I confess I am now a convert to your opinion."

While this very conversation was transpiring, the object of it was sitting in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, in the last stage of her fell disease. Every few minutes a racking cough would seize her frame. Her eye was sunken, her voice was feeble, her cheek burned with the fitful hectic of consumption. Her mother and sister sat with tearful eyes gazing on the invalid. A servant entered the room bringing a phial which she laid on the little stand before

the sufferer. Her mother, with a trembling hand, took up the phial, and unrolling it from the envelope, turned away to prepare the potion for her daughter. The newspaper, in which the phial had been wrapped, still lay on the stand. A word in the torn envelope attracted the attention of the sufferer, and she took it up. She had scarcely run her eye over the paragraph which first attracted her notice, when a faint shriek burst from her lips, the paper dropped from her nerveless grasp, and she fell back apparently in a fainting fit. The mother let fall the phial, and sprang to her daughter's side. Alas! it was only to grasp the hand of the dead.

The paper which had fallen from the grasp of the invalid was picked up. It contained the following announcement, under the head of marriages:—

On Sunday, the 23rd inst. by the Rev. James Atwood, Doctor Horace Duval, to Miss Mary Estelle, daughter of John Estelle, Esq. all of this place.

This fatal paragraph had driven the last barb into the already bleeding heart of Esther Marlowe. She died a victim to the perfidy of her lover.



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THE POLISH OFFICER.

by J. Thornton.

It was a stained and time-worn manuscript which my friend brought out from his scrittoire. We drew our chairs closer to the fire, when he opened the manuscript and read.

It was in the ever memorable and valiant attempt that Poland made to maintain its independence against a tyranny which raised in the heart of

every honest Pole, an indignant feeling toward his oppressors, and caused rebellion to rankle in his bosom and seek redress—it is of that period I am now writing when man, rising from his bed of rest, feels himself still laboring under a burden too grievous to be borne. Before I proceed farther, it will be necessary to give a brief outline of my boyish days.

When it was thought fit by a kind and indulgent parent, that my mind could bear the study of a boarding- school, I was sent from home, at a distance of ninety miles, where, from my first introduction, I found an acquaintance with a fellow-boarder, and there soon appeared that congeniality of feeling and sentiment which promised to ensure us mutual happiness and comfort— we may well say " We lived and loved together" I never kept a secret from him but once , and he was the same as true and just to me. Time flies and discovers secrets. I had now completed my nineteenth year, and as revolts were daily occurring against Russian tyranny, and my father suffering under it personally, he procured me a commission to join the regiment immediately, which was then lying at Warsaw. I was forced to go and leave my old companion, and one with whom, when the daily duties were ended, I spent many moments; she whom I cherished at my heart with a bosom full of doubts, and hopes, and fears. I now revealed to her my ardent love, and found I was only echoing her own sentiments regarding myself, for me, and me only, she said she loved and lived.

On my return home to my companion, I told him of the only secret I had ever retained; and having paid great attention to my. relation, he burst into a flood of tears. I was surprised at this strange conduct, but soon found out the cause from his incoherent expressions. I was agonized to see my companion suffering under circumstances so painful—he, who when I was a youth, a stranger, and far from home, became to me a brother and a friend. I hastened to Annette, and told her of this strange affair, when she, with that prompt alacrity which is characteristic of our Polish ladies, particularly in such affairs, complied with my earnest entreaties (and to prevent the addresses of Nowistchy in my absence) consented, with the permission of

her parents, to become my wife.

On my return home, I found my companion still in the same excited state as I had left him. I gave him a slight hint of what had happened, which he seemed perfectly to understand. He in a few minutes aroused himself from the stupor and summoned up resolution to inquire when I should leave. I told him on the morrow. He said, " I shall accompany you to whatever place or in whatever circumstances you may be."

" Oh, Annette! Farewell at last must come. Adieu! may Heaven guard and protect you! Farewell—Farewell!" Those who have really loved almost to idolatry, can only picture the feelings at our separation. We proceeded in silence, each buried in his own respective meditations. Nowistchy on a sudden exclaimed,

«Should Fate decree no return to your Annette, I will be to her a friend, a brother, or a husband to which I cordially assented,-after which conversation he appeared to resume his former wonted cheerfulness. Oh! Annette, behold me duly exercised in warlike duties, preparing for an engagement, perhaps never more to see you. The Russians are advancing. It was midnight, and now and then the distant peal of cannon could be heard rolling through the silence of the night; louder grew the sounds, and louder, till at last the warlike peal " to arms," roused us from our suspense. I recommended myself to God with a short and earnest prayer for my wife.

I was now -prepared to meet the enemy. I sought Nowistchy, and found him in a deep thought; quite unconscious of what was passing around till I aroused him from his stupor. We embraced each other, and again repeated the promise respecting Annette. .Now roars the cannon, and louder yet—" yea louder than the bolts of heaven"—all confusion, man falls upon man. Oh, war! thou ignis fatuus , that drives desolation to the door of the rich, destruction and despair to that of the poor. The combat thickens, and fighting for our independence, with bravery doubly armed by a good cause,

this engagement was declared in our favor.

The conflict over, I sought my companion, and found him partly covered with the bodies of the slain, but breathing; having carried him with all speed to the hospital, the surgeon found he had only swooned from loss of blood, and had received no mortal injury; and after due attention and some restoratives he soon recovered. Immediately after the engagement, I was ordered to a distant part of Poland, where the Russians had been committing their horrible deeds of war. Nowistchy, being on the sick list was forced to remain; we were for the first time parted from our youth, and having embraced me and thanked me for his preservation of life, he once more repeated the promise, of "remembering Annette."

I had been now marching from place to place, and could receive no news respecting her, nor yet of Nowistchy. I had seized every opportunity from the bustle of war, and written several times, but received no answer; at last one ray of hope beamed, and yet disappointment was still greater, for by frequent marches and removals from place to place, we had to pass her native village. I sought her home. Imagine me, buoyed up with all the hopes of once again seeing my wife—my all. With sensations which tongue cannot express, I found the house uninhabited, and on inquiry learned that the mother was dead, and the daughter gone, no one could tell where.

To proceed—our struggle was near drawing to a close, and one bold attempt must be made; it was done, but ah! how fruitlessly. I had been ordered to command the advance guard, and having met a company of Russians, determined to give them battle, though evidently far inferior in point of numbers. We advanced, and—oh, God! what can equal my feelings—my surprise—to see my old companion, my former friend, now my present foe. I stood amazed—confused; I attempted to mention his name. No; my tongue refused its utterance, and I know not how long I might have remained, had not a discharge from the enemy caused me to recover my self-possession.

We fought, but were at last overcome, and I and my brave associates were made prisoners. I had even at this time one ray of hope—perhaps I might hear from him of my Annette; but no; when I was taken, to my exceeding astonishment, by his excess orders, I was cast into prison, to be sent to Russia as a captive.

It was over, and Poland lost that independence, however small. And I was compelled to join as a private in the Russian ranks, to my great surprise, under the command of my former friend, now my deadliest foe. The first opportunity that occurred, I intended speaking to him (fully relying on our former friendship) of my Annette; but, alas! the last ray of hope was banished from me. I soon found out my mistake; I was accused with insolence to my superior officer, and was sentenced to three month's close confinement. This conduct almost drove me mad; what could have induced him to act so?

This change in my situation I could not endure. Ingratitude from one whom I loved as a brother, and anxiety for my wife, determined me to commit some deed which might terminate my miserable existence. Chance soon favored me; being on duty as sentinel, I had been deeply engrossed with such schemes, and I was startled by hearing the voice of Captain N-y, and not observing him, I did not give that salute which is customary for a superior officer to receive; I was ordered to appear before a court-martial for insolence and neglect of duty; and being once tried for the same offence previously, I now was sentenced to seven year's transportation. I now gave up all hopes of my Annette.

The Overseer of convicts was a mild, good man—one that we do not commonly find in that capacity—and to him I told my misfortunes. After three year's sufferance, by his testimony of good conduct, my sentence was mitigated, and I was ordered to return to my former situation in the ranks. I was already worn down with anxiety, fatigue and hardships, until I could no longer endure the labor, and a fever followed. After a long illness, and

through the kind attention of the matron, I became convalescent. I was allowed the privilege of walking in the gardens (which are very large) attached to the infirmary.

Frequently, at my entrance into these gardens, I observed a female closely wrapped up, whose features I could never discern, and who always seemed to avoid me. Curiosity made me inquire who she was; when I was informed that she was the wife of Captain N-.

I could have spoken to her; but no—one more breach of duty and I should be lost to all chance of ever seeing her whom I could not banish from my mind. I made inquiries of the matron, to whom I had formerly told my misfortunes. She said the lady was Captain Nowistchy's wife, that he was very unkind to her, and was very careful that she should not go out without him, and appeared always to keep her confined. A thought crossed my mind—was this my Annette 1 but no; I endeavored to suppress it, but could not; night and day I had her image before mine eyes, yet I could not banish the thought. "For while there's life there's hope;" yet how could I expect ever to see her to whom I had so often written, and never received an answer?

One day, whilst deeply absorbed in thought, I extended my usual limits, and did not observe what was passing about until I came in contact with my captain's wife, when—God! who can paint my feelings, who can describe my sensations, when I now recognized my Annette—my long lost wife; she as soon knew me and fainted in my arms. I called for assistance, and was immediately answered by my Captain, who had me instantly confined, when, after a few days, I was to be again tried by a court-martial, for insulting his wife. I could not, during my trial, get liberty to explain; and was accordingly sentenced to perpetual banishment. Before my departure for Siberia, I obtained materials for writing, and soon made a full statement of facts and had them conveyed to the Colonel of the Regiment, who, after, perusing it, came to my condemned cell, and questioned me very strictly. He

was a man of honor, and soon caused inquiries to be made into the affair, and submitted them to the Emperor, who, having discovered the truth, transferred the sentence on my old school-fellow; who, before his going into exile, declared that it was through him I suffered all these misfortunes; that after he and I first separated, he sent for Annette, to whom he made it appear I was killed in an engagement, and to prevent the opportunity of our meeting, he deserted his native country. Fate still decreed that he should not pass in the ease and luxury of a quiet mind, for he seemed as if he had been haunted by me more like an evil genius than a human being, to remedy which he planned all those ills, and endeavored to have me banished the kingdom.

The Emperor, after due deliberation, restored me my long lost wife; and, as a recompense for my misfortunes, he has returned me to my native land, with a sufficient annuity to spend my days in ease and happiness, which we now enjoy, and of which we have been so long deprived. Never does night unfold its sable curtains, but our hearty orisons are poured forth for health and happiness for him who has been so kind, and our humble thanks to the Giver of all Good. L



THE REGICIDE.

" His harmless life

Does with substantial blessedness abound And the soft wings of peace cover him round."

Cowley.

CHAPTER I..

It was in the reign of Charles the Second, that there dwelt at the village of Cheshunt, in the county of Herts, two families, both revered and loved by their neighbors, although they each differed in political opinions from the other. At the head of the first of these families was Sir Frederick Davison. He had been, from habit and from conviction, attached to the good old cause of the monarchy," which he had defended with his sword both at Durham and Worcester. His loyalty was more like fanaticism, than the mere result of reason, or of well- regulated feeling. He was as full of frankness, as of honor and of truth. He had, when our story commences, been long separated, by death, from a wife whom he had adored, and now all his affections and all his tenderness were centered in his daughter.

Brought up with the most constant care, and guarded by the most unceasing solicitude, Clara had become a most worthy object of the pride and parental love of the old cavalier. Regarding her merely on account of her beauty, she might be said to be perfection itself; and as respects her mind, her talents, and her education, she was amongst the most accomplished ladies of the time. Her imagination was lively and active, her conversation always as full of charms as it was of genuine poetry; for she was deeply read in the old bard Chaucer, in the elegant poet Spenser, and in the immortal author Shakespeare. But a time came when her mind and her heart were to be occupied with other thoughts than those of mere study.

The gentleman whose desmesnes adjoined those of Sir Frederick Davison, was a Mr. Clarke—and of him it was said that he was good-natured, benevolent,, but a little uncouth in his manners. He had been only an inhabitant of the county of Hertford since the year 1680, and no one knew anything very certain either about his descent or his past life. The general opinion, however, was that he must have been -a man of some weight and celebrity amongst the Roundheads. There was, too, it was said, at times, something curious in his demeanor, which was in direct contrast to the simple and tranquil manners of a country gentleman. Perfectly indifferent to all that was passing in the luxurious court of the then existing monarch, he

passed his life in the most perfect tranquillity, with his wife, his daughter, and his only son, exclusively occupied with the amusements of hunting and fishing, or the occupations of agriculture. Never, in their many associations together, as neighbors, had he voluntarily trenched upon the dangerous ground of politics. In case that they were referred to, he, sombre and silent listened to the discussion, and never attempted to take any part in it. The most constant prayers that were made to him, joined even with the consciousness of the danger to 'which he exposed himself at that epoch of monarchical re-action, could never induce him either to drink the King's health, or to take part in the maledictions with which Sir Frederick Davison covered the memory of Oliver Cromwell. If it happened, as it sometimes did, that he was too urgently pressed upon both points, he replied with a melancholy dignity, that although he felt hatred against no one in the world, yet he could not pray for the prosperity of the Stuarts; and as to " the Protector," so far from joining with his enemies to curse, he prayed that Heaven might, for the sake of his greatness, his genius, and his love for England, pardon him the faults of which he had been guilty, and the errors into which he had fallen.

The son of Mr. Clark, Richard, imitated his father, in the veneration he always entertained for the memory of Oliver Cromwell; but this veneration was nourished in secret. It had in it something of the solemnity of religion, and he could not bear to expose it to the vulgar and the profane. Richard was not more than twenty- two years of age; but the fire inherent to his youth was tempered by a wisdom that appeared to be almost precocious. Already had he been in love with Clara, and that love did not trouble the calm and tranquil progress of his life; but events soon arose that made him pay to that passion the unavoidable tribute of agony that it always exacts. A marked coldness grew up between Sir Frederick Davison and his old neighbor, and the two lovers could then only see one another but in secret or by chance—with scarcely time to exchange a vow of affection, or manifest a passing mark of old feelings. The restraint that they were compelled to impose upon themselves was increased by the arrival at the house of the Colonel of a

Royalist, named Sir Charles Luttrell, and who was en route through the county of Hertford, on a secret mission from the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Sir Charles Luttrell, was at the same time, bold,' insinuating, tricky and courageous. He soon won the entire confidence of Sir Frederick, who, like all other enthusiastic men, had in his nature an immense fund of credulity, and was never capable of distinguishing between cunning and sincerity; between that which is true and that which is merely assumed. The newcomer so often and so complacently tossed off bumpers " to the health of his Majesty Charles the Second," "the glory of his reign," "to the continuation and solidity of his dynasty," and he flattered the prejudices of the old cavalier with so indefatigable an adulation, that he completely won the good man's heart, who, one evening after indulging in libations that were too abundant, promised him, on his word of honor, the hand of Clara.

" There are more words than one to be said to that," was murmured in his ear by a low voice.

The Colonel, as much surprised as he was irritated, turned round to the side from which he thought he heard these words uttered, but he only saw behind his armchair the moveless face of his old servant, John. Now, though this domestic was in the enjoyment of all the privileges that attach to an old, devoted, long-tried faithful servant, still it never for an instant entered into the mind of Sir Frederick that the audacious interruption could have come from him.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning, when the Baronet recalled to mind the imprudent promise that he had given, he experienced an involuntary sinking of the heart; for, although he had reared his daughter in those absolute ideas of obedience that made him complete master of her will, still he could not but admit to himself, that he was conscious of the mutual affection entertained

by Clara and Richard Clark for each other. Yet he had no idea that their feelings had deepened into a profound passion—besides, his word of honor was pledged, and, for a man like him, an inevitable engagement had been entered into, of which no consideration could prevent the accomplishment.

Filled with these thoughts, he sought out Clara, and found her seated in the garden beneath a little bower that was raised as a boundary mark between the two adjoining estates. Who could picture her affright and despair when the Baronet apprised her of his projects with regard to her. Clara remained for a few moments utterly dumb—quite unable to move—and then—grasping the hands of the old man, she said,

" Ah! let me but think that this is only a terrible trial to which you would expose, and thereby test, my filial obedience. Never—oh! no—never could you think of binding up the destiny of your only child, with that of a man she could not love. And then, father, you know well—very well, that I do not love Sir Charles. My heart belongs to Richard Clark, and never can be transferred to another. Besides, who is this man that you have chosen as my husband? You scarcely know him—you never he[^]rd of him. He presents himself in your house without being known to you. Two months ago you had never heard of him; and yet an instant suffices to make him master of your confidence, and of all your affections—and you—you fling into his arms your child, your poor child; you do this without resolution, without fear—without even the certainty that you may not bind one whose life is pure as her blood to one, who-

" Silence, Clara; I tell you to be silent. Remember, that you are my daughter, and that to my will you ought always to be obedient"

" Alas! is it not you that have forgot that you are my father? Force me not to this marriage; I ask—beseech you on my knees."

Sir Charles tore himself away from Clara, with a look in which an attentive

observer might discover, perhaps, as much of compassion as of severity. Then he said in a stem tone of voice, which betrayed how much his resolution cost to himself—

" You shall obey me, Clara."

Hearing these words, the poor girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears; she felt that there was to be no happiness for her in this world, and she cried out—

" Heaven have pity on me, for my father abandons me."

Sir Frederick became pale with emotion; for it was the first time in his life that a harsh or menacing word disturbed the sweet sentiment of cordial feeling that united him to his daughter. Eighteen years had passed over their affection, and had clothed it with a character of sanctity, that was now, perhaps, about to disappear for ever. Sir Frederick felt this; and feeling it, he was about to faint to the earth. He hurried out of her sight, in order that he might conquer the desire that he experienced to throw his arms around the neck of Clara, and to say, " I shall be perjured, but thou must be made happy."

Scarcely, however, had he disappeared, when a young man burst from behind a clump of trees, where he had kept himself concealed during this discourse.

"Weep no more, Clara," he exclaimed, "you shall never be the wife of Sir Charles Luttrell. There remains one way of preventing it, and I mean to employ it."

Clara raised her eyes that were swimming in tears toward her lover, and contemplated him with affright.

" That is that you would kill Sir Charles or die yourself! Oh, horrible!—a.duel! But no, Richard; for suppose you were to be victorious in so detestable an affair, still your very victory would be an insurmountable barrier between us."

" What, then, is to be done? What is to be done?" cried Richard Clark, in a tone of the bitterest despair.

" Wait," said a voice behind them.

The two young persons trembled, and at the same moment turning round, they beheld before them the old servant, John—Sir Frederick's man, who had approached them noiselessly, and had listened to them without being himself seen.

There are words which at times, according to the accent in which they are pronounced, bring conviction along with them. The firm and assured tone with which John had uttered the single word "Wait," had deeply struck both Richard and Clara. They never thought of asking how an obscure servant could render of no avail the firm will of the Baronet, or how such as he could exercise a happy influence over their destiny; but they clung to that inexplicable hope thus presented to them, with all the ardor of youth, and all the credulity of love.

As to the old domestic, eager to escape from questions that he either wished not, or would not answer, he withdrew, and as he was about to ascend the steps of the hall-door, he saw standing and leaning on the railing, Sir Charles Luttrell. The latter appeared to be lost in deep thought. The harsh and sombre countenance of this person, his eyes black and deep set in his head, his thick beard, his long hair which fell with more art than grace upon his shoulders, gave to his appearance something that was sinister and repulsive.

John stopped upon seeing him in this attitude, and began to observe him with an astonishment so marked, and an attention so obstinate, that Sir Charles felt himself put out of countenance. Ashamed, however, of his emotion, he soon resumed his sang froid, drew from his pocket five or six guineas, and presented them to the old man saying, "Take these, they are but an earnest of the large present I mean to make you when I marry Miss Davison."

John stood moveless as a statue. He seemed not to have heard a word. His looks were pertinaciously fixed upon the hand that Sir Charles Luttrell held toward him. He grasped the hand convulsively, drew it near to his eyes, and then dashing it away from him with horror, he exclaimed—

"Keep your gold. I do not sell my friendship nor my devotion."

CHAPTER III.

It was on the banks of the Lea, and at the extremity of a wide park, upon the property of Mr. Clark, that there was to be seen, at the epoch of our narrative, a small eminence, which in its site was extremely picturesque, because from its summit might be seen the fertile fields that stretched for many a mile on the other side of the river. Mr. Clark had a particular liking for this poetical solitude, and scarcely an evening passed away in which he was not to be found there with his son, discoursing upon the beauties of Nature, and the infinite goodness of God. What a noble, calm, and dignified face was that of the old gentleman! To look at him, it might at once be seen in his tranquil brow, that he was destined by nature for that life of retirement which he had selected, and if it were true that he had ever known a different and a higher fortune, it had caused him no regret to be parted from it.

Richard Clark and his father were at this spot one evening, when Sir Frederick, Clara, Sir Charles Luttrell, and the old man, John, appeared at the

foot of the hill.

The first inclination of Sir Frederick Davison was to turn back, in order that he might escape an interview that could not but be disagreeable to both parties. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that he could not do this without being guilty of great impoliteness. He, therefore saluted his neighbors, and took a seat beside them. Need we say that Clara had no objection to follow his example?

John remained standing. A shade of doubt passed across his face—but after a moment's hesitation it was overcome. He fastened a searching glance upon Sir Charles, and then approaching his master, he said—

"Sir, among the many extraordinary events of which in my long course of life I have been a witness, there is one that I have ever religiously preserved in the hope that it might some day tend to promote the ends of justice. Will you be so good as to listen to it, for I have now the proper auditory for bearing it."

The master of John, although not a little surprised at this demand, and the manner in which it was made, assented as much from curiosity as from a regard for his faithful domestic. Sir Charles alone appeared a good deal annoyed. He shrugged his shoulders, and whistled between his teeth the old favorite air of the cavaliers.

After the reflection of a few moments, John spoke as follows:—

"It was in the year 1649, when the trial of King Charles took place, that there stood at a short distance from the palace of Whitehall, a small tavern that was much frequented by the Roundheads. In that place misery alone forced me to hold the situation of a waiter. Now, upon that day, that should ever stand accursed, the 30th of January, two men all of a sudden burst from the crowd that surrounded the scaffold, which you all know was erected under

the very windows of the palace, and entered into the tavern where I was. They both wore masks, and on their clothes were drops of that august blood, which they had just shed. The one, a large and robust man, remained at first silent and pensive, and then seizing the tankard that I had placed before him, he dashed it against the wall opposite to him, and in doing it evinced a bitter feeling of disgust —perhaps of remorse—that man, at least I believe so, was no other than Oliver Cromwell."

"It is an infamous lie," cried Mr. Clark, while fire flashed from his eyes, and his pale forehead was wrinkled by rage.

"I may be deceived, Sir, and indeed what I do say of him is only from my own supposition, for I never saw that person again, and his face was altogether unseen by me. It was not so, however, with his companion. Less cautious than the elder, he unclasped his mask that he might breathe the more freely. I could scan his features well, precisely, completely—and never—never since then could they be effaced from my memory. One particular

circumstance, too, attracted my attention. Little experienced, doubtless, in the horrid office of a headsman, he had wounded himself very severely. The axe, in falling upon the head of the King, had wounded the left hand of his executioner. What shall I say to you 1 Providence had so willed it, that I should meet that monster once more, and that my eyes should be able to penetrate the new mask by which he has sought to conceal not only his face, but his very life—that under the appearance of an ardent loyalist, and as the protege of Lord Shaftesbury, I should meet again the assassin of Whitehall—the executioner of the King of England. "You grow pale, Sir, ,, he said, turning to Sir Charles Luttrell, "and you have a right to do so—for the man who shrunk not at the commission of a horrible crime—he who became the courtier of the son, after he had been the murderer of the father—that man that God has been pleased to mark with an ineffable brand, in order that sooner or later punishment might overtake, that man is— yourself; and as to

the proof —"

John flung himself upon Sir Charles, who was petrified with horror and fear—he seized the left hand of the wretch, and pointing to a long scar, which seemed almost to divide it, he exclaimed—

" Here it is!"

CHAPTER IV.

Taken thus completely unawares, struck to the earth by the simple words of the old servant, which came upon him as the echo of the Divine command, Sir Charles Luttrell lost at once his coolness and his courage. Seeing in an instant, too, that a strict examination into his past life would speedily expose the dreadful part he had acted in 1649, this man, whose real name was Stoup, and who at a subsequent period was Colonel of a Swiss Regiment in France, taking advantage of the general horror and astonishment that pervaded the company, fled from the house before his indignant host thought of giving orders for his arrest.

When Sir Frederick had recovered a little from the emotion and agitation, consequent on the preceding scene, he shook hands first with his old servant, who had saved him from never-ceasing misery, and then turning to his old neighbor, he exclaimed'—

" My word is now secure. I have had a terrible lesson—and it is for you now to make certain the happiness of our two children. I impose but one condition—it is that you will consent to drink his Majesty's health."

"Oh! do consent, Sir," said the poor Clara trembling.

The person thus addressed turned toward his son, and observed—

" Do you speak, Richard—what ought I to do?

The young man cast a look of affection upon his

almost affianced bride—then casting his eyes to the earth for a moment, he replied—

" Father, do not consent to do any such thing."

The Colonel stamped with rage, and then in an angry voice exclaimed—

" What means this ridiculous puerile obstinacy?" .

" It proceeds from a source at once sacred and for ever to be respected," was the reply of Mr. Clark. "A son cannot, without being guilty of a crime, declare himself the partisan of his father's enemy."

Sir Frederick heard these words with astonishment, and said, "Then who and what are you?"

"I am now known," was the answer, "merely as Mister Clark, a plain country gentleman; but a few years ago, I was known as—Richard Cromwell."

" Oh! now, indeed, I understand you," said the old Cavalier, greatly moved at this aspect of modest grandeur, and at the sight of a man who had preferred mediocrity to power—repose to fame; and who had voluntarily abandoned the pomp of Windsor for the solitary vale of Cheshunt—"I honor the pious sentiment that has dictated your refusal—and the most zealous servant of Charles the Second accepts, without hesitation as a son-in-law, the grandson of Oliver Cromwell!"

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